

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



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THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

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THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS -
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

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No.

4

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The American Humane Education Society

The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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No. 4

NO matter how sweltering the day, women who do not, or cannot, think, still insist on wearing furs. If the poor skinned animal could trail them through the streets, it would be different.

IT is a brilliant woman—the celebrated Minnie Maddern Fiske—who writes, "Women's vanity has created the fur craze, and that is the fundamental cause of cruel trapping."

P. T. BARNUM'S biographer makes the unexpected statement that the famous showman never manifested any particular fondness for animals. Business was business.

THE same author, writing about Thomas Paine so greatly execrated years ago by many sincere people, says he was an earnest advocate of justice and kindness in all man's relation to the animal world.

WE cannot confirm the following, but it came to us from a newspaper clipping: "In the 295 bull-fights held in Spain during 1921, four bull-fighters, 1,692 bulls, and 28,764 horses were killed." And this is the sort of sport spreading, since the war, in France.

THE *Animal World* says, "Now that France is in re-occupation of Alsace, by the operation of the French Grammont Law the person convicted of cruelty to animals can only be punished by a fine of from 5 to 15 francs, or five days' imprisonment. Under German law the offender was liable to a fine of from 150 to 1,000 marks or 2 months' imprisonment."

A FRIEND writes us, "I found a martin colony in Chazy, New York, with three houses 12 feet long, 10 feet high, and 8 feet wide, with 450 rooms in each. The owner estimates that over 5,000 martins leave his place each fall." If you never put up a martin house and so never made the intimate acquaintance of these beautiful birds, you have a rare pleasure in store.

THE GREAT CRUELTY

WE had hoped in this issue to give the results of the demonstration of one or both of the devices between which seemed to lie the chance for the Ten-Thousand-Dollar Prize. The inventor, however, of the one that the committee on humane slaughtering felt was going to meet all the requirements, writes, "The machine shop is now making a second instrument to overcome the one fault we found in the first model, which was hurriedly made in order to give a demonstration by the first of July, if possible, but, as usual, hurry-up jobs seldom prove successful. We are now proceeding very carefully and believe we shall have a finished product when it is completed. I do not want to give any demonstration until I have the perfected device."

No one regrets any delay in the matter more than the committee. At the same time, when we seem so near our long-sought-for goal, and think of the generations since any real progress has been made in this direction, we must not grieve too much at a little further postponement of the anticipated hour. There are some of us who, if we live to see the end accomplished, would be quite ready to say, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

HENRY WARD BEECHER, knowing well the influence upon health and disposition of the food we eat, said once, "Many a man might answer his own prayers by eating less butcher's meat." And we are quite certain Beecher knew relatively little of the cruel conditions under which the most of our food animals are killed, conditions which render their flesh positively harmful to the human body.

THE death-roll of the great zoological gardens in London, according to the *Daily Express*, London, is about six a day, or forty per cent of the whole number during the year. Some 5,000 captive animals wear out their lives in these gardens—let us rather say, cages.

WHO INSPECTED IT?

THAT is, the meat you eat? Don't think that because that piece of beefsteak before you came from a slaughter-house where they have government inspection, you may necessarily eat it with impunity.

The Society of Medical Officers of Health, of Manchester, England, has declared its belief that the flesh of any animal affected with tuberculosis to however slight an extent is unfit to be sold as human food, and the Royal Commission has stated that such flesh (not the diseased organ) would set up tuberculosis in a considerable percentage of cases if eaten by healthy animals. Yet the United States Department of Agriculture, under whose direction government inspectors work in all abattoirs where products are shipped into other states, gives six cases where the flesh of an animal may be passed for food though tuberculosis exists in certain parts of the carcass. For example: "If tuberculosis has affected the cervical lymph glands and one group of visceral lymph glands in each body cavity such as the cervical, bronchial and hepatic glands," the inspector may cut out these parts and stamp the rest of the body good for food.

A careful student of this subject, a scientifically trained physician, says, and who of us will not agree with him, "It is contrary to the public good that under the laws of the United States, and for the pecuniary profit of purveyors of meat, the flesh of any tubercular animal should be permitted, as now, to be sold to innocent and ignorant purchasers as 'pure, sound and wholesome food.'" If people want to buy and eat the flesh of any animal affected in any way with tubercle bacilli, perhaps they should have that privilege, but such meat should be marked for what it is and not as from the body of a perfectly healthy and normal animal. Then those who prefer some different kind of food would never have it forced upon them while they remained in total ignorance of what they were buying.

International peace begins, if anywhere, in that reverence for life, for individuality, which has its root in kindness to animals.

—Boston Herald

CRUELITIES BECOMING MORE APPARENT

JACK LONDON CLUB CONTINUES TO MAKE STEADY AND SUBSTANTIAL GAINS

DISAPPROVAL of cruelty amounts to precious little if it doesn't prompt one to stand up and be counted.

EXPLOITERS of animals, the vested interests, are combatting the Jack London movement with greater vehemence, which indicates that they feel the ground slipping from under them and that the popularity of trained animal performances is waning.

France Investigates Animal Training

The *Scientific American* calls attention to the fact that French authorities have recently been making exhaustive inquiries as to how performing animals are trained. It is understood that those inquiries have shown that this training is almost torture. It is believed that efforts will be made to eliminate performing animals from all French films where they have a prominent place. The French Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has appealed to film makers not to employ animals in the future. The members of this society have agreed to leave any theater or motion picture house where performing animals are shown.

Connecticut Leads, Others Will Follow

The State of Connecticut has placed the following law upon its statute books. It is the most important humane legislation of the year and an entering wedge to greater reforms in behalf of long-suffering animals:

Any person who shall use any animal, reptile, or bird for the purpose of soliciting any alms, collection, contribution, subscription, donation or payment of money upon any street, highway, or public park, or at any fair, exhibition, or place of amusement, recreation or entertainment, and every person owning, keeping or having in his custody any animal, reptile or bird for any such purpose shall be fined not more than one hundred dollars or imprisoned not more than thirty days, or both, provided no provision of this act shall be construed so as to apply to the exhibition of any animal, reptile, or bird by any educational institution, zoological garden or in connection with any theatrical exhibition or circus.

MRS. JACK LONDON

MEMBERS of the Jack London Club will be glad to read the following letter:

Copenhagen, Denmark, June 26, 1923.

My Dear Dr. Rowley:

I feel that I should like to send you word that I was invited to visit the new Home for Animals in Copenhagen, connected with the "Foreningen til Vaern for Vaergelse Dyr," which is the Danish S. P. C. A. I found the place charming, and in process of enlargement. It is spotless and odorless, as one would expect to find it in such an immaculate country as Denmark. My own little fox terrier, Kid, son of Jack's Possum who accompanied us around Cape Horn in 1912, died soon after I came to Europe last January, and my very sore heart makes me yearn more than ever



THE HORSE WAS NEVER BORN TO DO THIS UNNATURAL AND DANGEROUS ACT OVER AND OVER AGAIN EXCEPT BY A STUDIED PROCESS OF RANKEST CRUELTY

toward animals in general and dogs in particular.

I was received by Miss Eya Lange and Mr. O. E. Adler, who had raised the Stars and Stripes on the building for the occasion, and who presented me with a sheaf of carnations of the Danish colors, red and white. And imagine my pleasure and emotion when I was also presented with a handsome pin bearing the association's medal. On the reverse side has been engraved:

With thanks from Danish friends of animals for "Michael" and "Jerry," and for the continued fight for the protection of the defenseless animals.

There is considerable interest here in the Jack London Club, but I suppose you have had communications on this subject.

With kindest remembrances,

Very sincerely yours,

CHARMIAN LONDON

A CURB TO ANIMAL TRAINERS

REGULATION by law of the training and exhibition of performing animals has been obtained in large measure in England. The exhaustive inquiry into conditions affecting performing animals quickly led to the passage of restrictive legislation. Absolute prohibition of trained animals acts was not anticipated. If the new law is reasonably enforced, a long step forward will have been taken towards the suppression of a subtle and sinister form of cruelty. Probably the greatest benefit comes in the enlightenment that English people have gained in respect to the wiles and practices of animal trainers. For the benefit of all Jack Londonites and many others we give a brief summary of this law.

The law provides that a person shall not exhibit or train for exhibition, for the purposes of public entertainment, any animal, unless he is registered with the local authority, who shall keep a register for the purpose.

A section provides that the Home Secretary may (with the advice and assistance of an advisory committee, consisting of a chairman, and an even number of members, not exceeding eight, representing, in equal proportions, societies interested in the welfare of animals and the persons engaged in their training and exhibition), make regulations as to the training and performance of animals, and may prohibit either absolutely or subject to conditions: (a) The training and performance of chimpanzees and anthropoid apes; (b) the training, exhibition and performance of lions, tigers, leopards and hyenas and other large carnivora; and (c) the use of mechanical and other appliances involving cruelty in the execution of conjuring tricks.

A court of summary jurisdiction may, on the complaint of a constable, or an officer of a local authority, or of an officer of a society authorized for that purpose by the Secretary of State, make an order prohibiting the training or performance of any particular animal, or imposing restrictions upon such performance. Against such order an appeal may be taken to quarter sessions.

Other sections give a right of inspection of premises in which animals are being trained, exhibited or kept, and of inspection of the animals themselves, and providing a penalty of not exceeding \$250; where the offense is a continuing one, a penalty of \$25 a day may be imposed. Where a person is convicted of an offense under the Act, or under the Protection of Animals Act, the convicting court may, subject to an appeal to quarter sessions, order the removal of his name from the register, and may disqualify him from being registered in the future.

THE Jack London Club is a humane society with no officers and no dues, and a membership of nearly 300,000. You can become a member of this club by agreeing to withdraw from any place of public amusement when performing animals are exhibited; or by refusing to patronize the theaters that cater animal performances, and by sending your name to *Our Dumb Animals*, Boston, Mass.

GOVERNOR BAXTER AND THE FLAG

THOSE who read of the criticism passed by the Grand Army men upon Governor Baxter of Maine, for lowering the flag at the death of his favorite dog, Garry, will read with pleasure the happy issue of it. The Governor says, as quoted in the *New York Times*:

"A few days after the Grand Army protest reached my desk, I attended the annual encampment of the Maine Department. While I was there nothing was said about the flag incident, but just as I was about to leave a group of old soldiers approached me and thrust a slip of paper into my hands. It announced that, by vote of the convention, all criticism of my act had been expunged from the records and that a vote of confidence and appreciation was tendered me. If the old soldiers, defenders of the flag, thought differently of the matter after reflection, then I knew that my lesson had 'gone across.'"

THE PITY OF IT

WHEN one thinks of what has followed the long, bitter war, and of the indifference to its results on the part of certain of our reputed leaders, he recalls Hagedorn's reproachful lines:

You cried across the worlds, and called us sons!
We came as sons, but what you made of us
Were bleeding shapes upon an altar, slain
To appease your god *Inertia* where he sits
Muttering dead words and chewing at old bones.

Because you would not think, we had to die!

A WARNING

WE learn from the San Francisco Society that a motion picture called "The Ten Commandments" is being made at Portuguese Bend near San Pedro, California, in which some 700 animals are being used. These animals, the humane inspector says, are subjected to much cruelty, being forced into the water over the rocks and stones where they stumble and fall, and where some have been drowned.

The Humane Animal Commission of Los Angeles has sent a vigorous letter of protest to the Manager of the Cecil B. De Mille Company of Hollywood, someone in authority. Should these cruelties not be stopped, all humane people are urgently asked to condemn this film when produced and to refrain from witnessing it, and to notify theater managers of the reason of their action. It is generally impossible to prosecute in a case like this because of the privacy in which many of these films are made.

A WORD FROM MANILA

THE Philippine S. P. C. A. sends us a most excellent report for the month ending June 30, 1923. There have been a large number of complaints investigated, a large number of arrests for driving unfit animals, many instances of trouble remedied without prosecution—on the whole an extraordinarily fine report.

THESE words from the *New York World* are worthy of quotation: "The religion which is to save civilization must prevent war, must stand in the way of war altogether. The Occident cannot afford to worship a god of battles."



President Coolidge and Our Cause

9th April, 1920.

Dr. Francis H. Rowley, President.

My dear Mr. President:

I am glad to endorse the action of the Humane Societies of the United States which have set apart the week beginning April 12 and ending April 17, and which is known nationally as "Be Kind to Animals Week." The influence of the observance of such a Week upon the character of the pupils in our public schools and upon all citizens must be for the development of a nobler and finer kind of citizenship.

However much the Humane Societies have done for animals, they have done vastly more for mankind through the reaction upon them of the spirit of justice and kindness shown to the creatures below them.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) CALVIN COOLIDGE,
Governor.

IN connection with the statements made by the leading scientists of the day relative to Pasteur's high place in the world of science, the following quotation is interesting:

On one occasion he said:

"The more I know the more nearly my faith is that of the Breton peasant. Could I but know all I would have the faith of a Breton peasant woman."

The one sure way to recover from the sorrow and ruin and staggering obligations of a world war is to end the strife in preparation for more of it, and turn human energies to the constructiveness of peace.

WARREN G. HARDING

WITH the death of President Harding the cause we represent has lost a sincere and unfailing friend. His regard for all animal life, and his interest in the work being done by the humane societies of the country, he was always glad to acknowledge. Too many in the exalted places of the earth deem the welfare of their lowly fellow creatures quite beneath their concern and dignity.

In President Coolidge we believe we also have a friend of animals. The picture we reproduce here represents him when Governor of Massachusetts and upon the occasion of his speaking at the unveiling in the Capitol of the Commonwealth of the tablet to the memory of the animals "whose faithful service and whose sufferings were part of the price paid in the Great War for the liberties of mankind." At that time he said:

"Those whom this tablet honors will never know its meaning, its significance, or even of its existence, but we can understand what it means and how much was done for the benefit of mankind by these creatures who suffered for our sakes.

"A merciful man is merciful to his beast. A just man is just to all. We can show our own worthiness by an appreciation of what these creatures did and how they suffered for our welfare.

"I accept this tablet as characteristic of the teachings of the Commonwealth. I accept it with an acknowledgment of the generosity that prompted those who have made it possible. I accept it as an expression of all that is highest and noblest in the history of the Commonwealth."

Again in the same year he issued the following letter concerning the observance of Be Kind to Animals Week:



Photo by De Witt H. Thompson

CONTENTMENT

Courtesy of Photo-Era Magazine

The Wisdom of the Beasts

C. O. WEBER

Department of Philosophy, University of Nebraska

WHO has not been amused by watching a puzzled ape who marvels, in the noisy fashion of his species, over the mysteries of a small mirror? Even the great Romanes found delight in the innocent mischief of watching the antics of a dog who sees for the first time a bit of paper which, with every semblance of life, does a wild dance about the room—unless one knows that the professor manages it with a fine thread!

But there have been times when animals have had their fun at the expense of the scientist. Have you ever heard the story of Clever Hans and the Elberfeld horses, and how they kept the experts of all Europe in baffled wonderment at their deeds? The horse, clever Hans, was owned by Herr Von Osten, a German of rather quaint character, but who was a kind master to Hans, and a very clever trainer. Clever Hans learned his lessons so well that after a few public performances the fame of his marvelous deeds spread even beyond the seas. This horse became the center of scientific attention. Clever Hans indeed had wonderful gifts for a horse. He not only added, divided, and subtracted, but solved square and cube roots, and could even read the minds of those present—or, at least, seemed to do so.

Theory after theory was invented to explain Hans, who meanwhile showed good horse-sense by maintaining a cool eye and an undisturbed modesty. Finally Pfungst, a man of ability, trained and directed by Professor Stumpf, the great psychologist, carried out some experiments with Hans in a tent. One test was as follows: Hans would be asked a question, first, when the questioner knew the answer, and then again when he did not. For example, it was found that if a person asked Hans to add 10 plus 12, he answered correctly by pawing the ground (which is his language) just 22 times. But if one person gave one number and another person the other number, so that neither of them knew the number chosen by the other, then Hans failed miserably to get the right answer. This seemed to point to the conclusion that *Hans got the right answer by actually reading the mind of the person that gave him the problem.*

But in a later set of experiments it was shown that Hans succeeded when he could see the person that asked the question, but failed when he could not. It should be explained that the "questions" put to Hans consisted in setting before him boards or cards with the numbers on them and telling him to "add" or to "subtract" as the case might be. So, at last suspicion comes to rest on the cool and observing eye of Hans. Pfungst, the experimenter, then found that Herr Von Osten made slight movements of his body while he watched the foot of Hans. Meanwhile, Hans kept his eye on his master, and would strike the ground with his hoof every time that the questioner made one of the faint movements. A very easy way indeed to add 10 plus 12 when the questioner does it for you!

But Herr Von Osten was proved to be quite innocent of deception. The movements he made were very slight and entirely unconscious. Pfungst examined twenty-five other people, and found that there were only two of them that did not make these faint movements. Pfungst then put himself in the place of Hans, and after some practice, could do the tricks just the way Hans did. Now the tables are turned on poor Hans! By giving him some numbers to add, one could get any answer desired from him by making these movements consciously.

Later on, a wealthy merchant by the name of Kroll bought Hans and two Arabian horses named Muhamed and Zariff. These last two were almost clever enough to rival Hans. Now, Hans turns the tables on the scientists again. Experiments were carried out, witnessed by Professor Claparede, in which it seems that Hans managed to give right answers even when he could not see the questioner at all. At first, blinders were put over his eyes and the questioner stood just behind him. But Hans would suddenly become exasperated at this, and would vainly try to see the experimenter by turning his head, this way and that. But in time he gave this up, but succeeded just the same. It is claimed by some that he still got unconscious signals of hearing from the questioner;

so that the problem of Clever Hans is not at all settled. If you wish to read further concerning it, you might find in your library a book written by Oscar Pfungst and entitled *Clever Hans*. It was published by Henry Holt and Company in 1911, and has a number of photographs of Hans and the experimental work.

The important fact that comes out of these experiments is that of *involuntary movements*, as they are called. You see, every idea that we have in our minds tends to express itself in action. This is why right thinking is so important. There is an old saying which reads, "We cannot prevent the birds from flying over our heads, but we can keep them from building nests in our hair." This means that we cannot prevent a bad thought from entering our minds, but we can keep it from "making a nest there." Indeed, ideas have the trick of making the whole body their nest, so that the very movements we make show that they are there.

I will describe a little experiment you can try out yourself to be convinced that this is true. Make a sling in which to place your hand, and suspend the sling over a table so that when your hand lies in the sling, a pencil held in it will just touch the surface of the table. The sling should be about two feet long, and fastened above to some strong support. Now all is ready! Sit comfortably by the table, drop your forearm in the sling, grasp a pencil with the suspended hand and allow the point to rest on a bit of smooth paper (or better still, glass) which lies on the surface of the table. Now think very hard of some object in the room. If you are an average person, you will soon see that your hand begins to strain in the direction of this object, and the pencil record may show it. This fact is familiar to "muscle readers," who have a person hide an object, and then take them by the hand and lead them to it. In fact, it is the person who hid it that unconsciously does the leading! It takes much practice to be able to do this; and even if Hans was a "muscle reader" there is no doubt but that he was one of the cleverest horses that has ever lived.

SAVED PIGEON, BUT LOST LIFE

IN trying to save the life of a young pigeon, Harry Lanzillo, a young man of 22 years, living on Lynde Street, Boston, received



injuries which caused his death. Finding the bird too weak to fly, Lanzillo first placed it on a high post in the grounds of the public library. It tumbled off. The young man would not abandon it to the dangers that lurked. He climbed an elm tree with the pigeon, made a nest, and placed the little bird in safety. In descending, Lanzillo slipped and fell, landing on the pickets of an iron fence. He died the next day at the hospital, leaving a widow and many friends to mourn their loss.

WORLD-LOVE

SIDNEY R. TABER

TO the July *Atlantic*, Sir Francis Young-husband, of the British Army, contributes an article entitled "Shock and Religion." He recalls one of the saddest experiences of the Great War—the cases of "shell-shock," including those of nervous breakdown due to causes other than the bursting of shells. "What happened in the war," he says, "happens also in peace"; and he refers to the general strain of life as well as specific shocks, such as unbearable sorrow or a conflict of loyalties, that unbalance the mind as completely as did the stress and strain of war.

Moreover, whole nations appear to be susceptible to breakdown that is analogous to the shattering of a man's nervous system; and the author instances Russia, now completely disorganized. "It also seems as if humanity as a whole were suffering from shell-shock. So the problem is forced on us: How are we to fortify ourselves against these shocks so that we shall be able to . . . keep ourselves together and in hand." Sir Francis's answer to this question ought to be of special interest to humanitarians, for it in effect involves a striking expression of their own confession of faith.

"The experience of the war gives us, I suggest, a clue to the solution. It was found that in those regiments where there was a strong *esprit de corps*, and firm discipline; where men took a pride in their regiment and the regiment taught them to take a pride in themselves; and where there was a commanding officer who clearly embodied the soldierly spirit and formed a tangible example for all to follow and a standard for all to emulate—there were fewer cases of shell-shock than in those hastily collected bodies of men in which, through lack of time, no *esprit de corps* had been created, and the men knew little of their leaders or their leaders of them.

"Now what kept a man together in these good regiments was a *sentiment*—a sentiment of love for the regiment; a sentiment for that body of men in which he himself was included; a sentiment which was reciprocated . . . And it is a sentiment of this kind that is, I believe, needed to enable us to withstand the shocks of the world.

"But no sentiment for a regiment would be of any strength unless the men who composed it were imbued with a strong sense of patriotism . . . The regiment must love the country it is serving, and must be able to feel that the country is caring for it. Then only will the regimental feeling be tense and close.

"One step further is still needed. Edith Cavell was perfectly right when she said, 'Patriotism is not enough.' Besides love of country there must be love of the world—love of the world as a whole; not only of Humanity, but of the Universe in its entirety, the stars and the sunshine, and the blue sky and the birds, and the beasts and the flowers, all in their togetherness, and all as imbued and inspired by God. If we can have such a World-Love, we shall be possessed of a sentiment of the deepest, widest, loftiest kind—a sentiment capable of keeping all the various elements of our life together and of giving it coherence and direction."

A thousand cases of cruelty can be prevented by HUMANE EDUCATION for every one by prosecution.



LISTENING IN TO "BE KIND TO ANIMALS MARCH"

ALL WORTHY OF PRAISE

THESE interesting items come to us clipped from Montreal papers:

Woodstock, Ont., July 23. "Peggy," the pet dog of Allan Taylor, son of W. J. Taylor, performed an act of canine devotion at Southside Park Saturday when it jumped into the pond and pulled the lad out of the water in response to his cries for help. The boy got into a hole and went under.

When he came up he shouted for help and the dog jumped into the water, gripped him by the bathing suit and carried him back to a shallow part of the pond.

North Bay, Ont., July 14. Two moose were rescued from a muskeg bog by a section gang of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, according to a report brought in by Fireman P. M. Parker.

Being already behind time, the trainmen attached a note to a lump of coal which they tossed to the section foreman on their way south. The gang built a platform of ties in front of the bull and dragged him out of the mire. His mate then was freed. Both lumbered away into the bush.

PRIZE CONTEST IN CHARLESTON

THE Charleston (S. C.) *American*, an influential daily which has constantly championed the humane cause, recently conducted a word-making contest that attracted hundreds of competitors. From the letters of that famous far-flung slogan "Be Kind to Animals," which had its origin in Charleston, many long lists of words were submitted, requiring several weeks' examination before the judges could make their decisions. Four cash prizes amounting to \$25 were awarded to contestants in Charleston and the same amount to others elsewhere in the State.

Twelve memberships, six each, in the American Humane Education Society and the American Humane Association were awarded; these winners also receiving for one year each *Our Dumb Animals* and the *National Humane Review*. Twenty-one others received honorable mention. The winners of the two

first prizes submitted lists of 3,258 and 1,603 words respectively.

In thus creating new interest in the humane field and promoting humane education, the *American* scores another signal success.

DOG FRIENDSHIP

A FORMER director of our Society, a well-known Bostonian, Mr. J. Murray Forbes, writes us from his summer home, Dark Harbor, Maine, this story:

During the war my next neighbor closed his house, when they went into service. They had two dogs, one a large badger dog and the other a collie. They were sent to different friends not far off for safe-keeping. After a few days my daughter saw Badger lying around his old home and wondering why it was all closed up. She invited him to come home with her towards evening and gave him a good supper, and he slept in our stable. This was repeated several days, and then one day Badger found his old collie friend had also traced his way back and was gazing disconsolately at the closed home. Badger and he played around and watched all day. Then Badger came back to our stable for supper, ate his portion and was finally given a large dog biscuit as usual. He walked off with this in his mouth and my people saw him take it over and give it to his collie friend. Badger is a very attractive and lovable dog and after living with us through the war and appreciating our kindnesses, he declines to take up permanent quarters again with his real owner, although he frequently goes over to call on him and his collie friend.

MORE RELATIVITY

FREE State Patrol—Have ye yer permit on ye for dhriver' the cyar?
Motorist—I have that. Are ye wantin' to see ut?"

Free State Patrol—What for would I be wantin' to see ut if ye have ut? It's if ye had ut not that I'd want a look at ut.

—Punch

Humane education is the foundation of all reform.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

SEPTEMBER, 1923

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

AND THIS IS AMERICA

WE are ashamed to publish the following, but how are evil things that exist to be abolished unless decent people learn of their existence? The Political and Civil League of Detroit is our authority for what we write of the punishment inflicted on a youth of 21 by the warden of Jackson, Michigan, Prison.

The warden, so the League's statement runs, explained just how, with the assistance of the prison physician, the punishment was given. On November 4, 5, 6, 9 and 13 the youth received in all 181 lashes. This young man had been an inmate of the State Industrial School at Lansing, Michigan. Of this School a competent student of prison conditions says, "Go to any prison in the state and look over the records, and you will be amazed to see the number of inmates who served time in the Lansing institution." And this institution is supposed to be reformatory in its character.

On October 16, 1921, the *New York Herald* described the death of a 15-year-old boy at the Texas Training School at Galesville, for whose death the Commandant (holding a commission in the United States Reserve Corps) was being held without bond on charge of murder. A searching investigation, the report states, was being made to determine to what extent other boys in the Institution had been mistreated, as alleged by witnesses. The boy had been at the school only two days (it is charged) when the ordeal began which resulted in his death, and which consisted of repeated whippings with a three-inch strap, denial of meals, standing at rigid attention for a half hour, blows with the fist and lastly choking. The examining physicians informed the father that his son was beaten and choked to death. The body showed bruises over the face, finger prints on both sides of the neck and black and blue marks on the back and hips. There are 930 boys at the Institution. Boys are not sent there as a punishment, but for training to become citizens.

It was said of old that "the dark places of the earth are full of cruelty." There are many dark places still left in our own land into which the rays of the sun of even decency, to say nothing of humanity, have not yet penetrated.

Remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., when making your will.

The Kind and Gentle Trainer

THAT the Jack London Club has struck a hard blow at the cruelty connected with the trained-animal business needs no better evidence than the articles now appearing by animal trainers attempting to convince the public of the lamb-like nature of lions, tigers, leopards, elephants, and other wild animals, and of their quick response to a little petting and cajoling. Indeed, their sense of humor is so remarkable that, to please the innocent public, they are easily trained to hiss and snarl and growl at their trainer, while, all the time, they are laughing up their sleeve, having only the most gracious feeling toward the man who snaps his whip and appears to be in danger of attack.

The latest is an article in the *Elks Magazine*. Its author recalls the days when hot irons, electric prods, pistols, ropes and other cruel devices were the means of subduing these greatly misunderstood creatures. Now, he says, all that is past. You need only walk into their cages, once you have them caged, let them circle about you, gradually come nearer and nearer till they find you mean them no harm, and then they will eagerly learn the tricks you want to teach them, going so far, as we have said, as to growl and show every sign of anger though not in the least meaning it, doing it merely to create the impression that they would turn the tables on the trainer if they dared, while mentally cherishing for him the tenderest regard.

Let us grant that much has been accomplished toward changing the methods of training, that men have learned that even wild and ferocious animals can be brought to a certain degree of subjection without many of the old barbarously cruel instruments with which we are so familiar. Why was the evidence of such cruelty so apparent that among the provisions of the law recently enacted by the British Parliament there was one making it possible to stop all training of wild animals, including chimpanzees and anthropoid apes?

And does any thinking man take enough stock in this "training by kindness" to be willing for any amount of money, to venture into a cage of untamed lions or tigers without a gun or some other powerful means of self-defense? Few of us, we fancy, would try the experiment under any conditions. We knew well the keeper of a zoo who could walk up to the lions' cage and reaching through the bars, stroke the heads of the great beautiful beasts, and they knew him, and seemed to like his kind attention. He told us, however, that he never did it until after they had been well fed.

The article above referred to tells us of the old-fashioned method of compelling monkeys to sit on stools and play, or seem to play, musical instruments, by means of wires attached to them, after they had been fastened to their stools, these wires worked by someone behind the screen. Now, by putting a piece of candy, we are told, into the mouth-piece of the horn (what is done with the bass drum and fiddle it is not said), you can hardly keep a monkey from jumping onto a stool and playing any kind of musical instrument. Alas, we saw the tied, wire-pulled monkeys doing this sad trick only a short time ago in a Boston theater.

Heaven grant that if men and women, otherwise intelligent, are to find amusement in the forced antics of unfortunate, captured, caged, or restrained animals, that more and more kindness may prevail in training them! If this form of amusement is to continue yet awhile until we recognize more clearly our obligations to these fellow-creatures, and if kindness enters increasingly into the treatment they receive at the hands of those who exploit them, no little part of the credit for this will be due to the Jack London Club, and the Performing Animals' Defence League of England, for their activity in exposing the cruelty that has so long characterized the whole pitiful business.

FRUITS OR MEATS

IT sounds better to intelligent people, we fancy, to be ranked with the animals who live on fruits and vegetables than with those who rend and tear the flesh of other creatures and devour it raw. Cuvier, the founder of the science of comparative anatomy, in one of his lectures, said.

"Comparative Anatomy teaches us that Man resembles the frugivorous animals in everything, the carnivorous in nothing. . . . It is only by softening and disguising dead flesh by culinary preparations that it is rendered susceptible of mastication or digestion, and that the sight of its bloody juices and raw horror does not excite loathing and disgust. . . .

"Man resembles no carnivorous animal. There is no exception, unless Man be one, to the rule of herbivorous animals having cellulated colons. The orang-outang perfectly resembles Man both in the order and in the number of his teeth.

"The orang-outang is the most anthropomorphous (man-like) of the ape tribe, all of whom are strictly frugivorous. There is no other species of animals which live on different foods in which this analogy exists."

A CALL FOR HELP

OUR readers know that we have once before transmitted to them an appeal made by the Frankfurt, Germany, Society for the Protection of Animals. We found a very interesting shelter last year in Frankfurt where excellent work was being done. The people in charge of it were devoted and most kindly, and now we learn from the president of the Society that it looks as though the shelter would have to be closed. All the charitable institutions of that country are in the direst distress. Anyone who would be glad, for the sake of the animals of that great city, to render them some service may send the gift to us, and it will be properly acknowledged and forwarded. The president says, "We shall gladly refund all moneys advanced to us as soon as times change with us for the better."

AS a transatlantic liner was entering New York Harbor, an American passenger proudly pointed out to a Frenchman, who was standing beside him on the deck, the famous Statue of Liberty. The Frenchman gazed and remarked, "We also erect statues to our illustrious dead."

—London Morning Post



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*
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180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

MRS. W. J. McDONALD, *President*
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MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated 682
Animals examined 3,965
Number of prosecutions 22
Number of convictions 20
Horses taken from work 99
Horses humanely put to sleep 67
Small animals humanely put to sleep 821

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals inspected 57,236
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep 245

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals received, during July, \$50 each from B. J. P., Mrs. H. A. H., and S. A.; \$25 each from S. Laundry, H. E. P., A. M. D., M. M. A., Mrs. H. J. S., W. R. B., Mrs. H. O. H., A. P., "in memory of Mrs. J. M. P." and Miss C. H.; and \$20 from Mrs. J. H. S.

The Society has also received for the Free Dispensary, in grateful memory of George Thorndike Angell, \$100 each from Mrs. H. A. H., Miss F. R. P., Miss A. M. C., Miss E. I. C., Mrs. W. H. F., Miss M. L. G., Miss G. F., Mrs. C. E. H. P., Mrs. M. W., Miss A. F. H., and Mrs. E. C. (part of which is for the Horses' Vacation Fund); \$75 from Miss E. F. M.; \$50 each from F. B. L., Mrs. M. T. H., J. C., M. T., Miss M. E. A., Miss E. A. C., and Mrs. C. H. W.; \$30 from Mrs. J. H. S.; \$25 each from Mrs. S. F. L., Mrs. J. O. F., Mrs. J. W., Miss S. H. B., Mrs. Z. R. G., Mrs. G. B. B., Mrs. L. A. F., Mrs. G. E. S., E. L. P., Mrs. E. MacL., Mrs. H. M. B., Mrs. L. P. K., L. C. K., M. T., Mrs. W. W., Jr., Mrs. W. M. W., Mrs. F. J. C.,

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. R., and Mrs. H. S. B.; and \$20 each from H. E. C. and Mrs. P. B.

The American Humane Education Society received \$100 from Mrs. G. G. W.; \$50 from Mrs. R. H.; and, for forming new Bands of Mercy, in grateful memory of George Thorndike Angell, \$50 from M. T.

August 14, 1923.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Brookline 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, *V.M.D., Chief*
R. H. SCHNEIDER, *V.M.D.*
J. RAYMOND WELLS, *V.M.D.*
D. L. BOLGER, *D.V.S.*

HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Treatment for sick or injured animals.

Hours from 2 to 4. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JULY

Hospital		Free Dispensary	
Cases entered	583	Cases	919
Dogs	385	Dogs	674
Cats	171	Cats	225
Horses	22	Birds	13
Birds	5	Horses	4
Operations	277	Rabbit	1
		Rat	1
		Monkey	1
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15, 35,227			
Free Dispensary cases		43,648	
Total		78,875	

A STILL WILDER WEST

OUR special representative in the State of Washington, who has done so much to create humane sentiment against the cruelties associated with the rodeos and Wild West shows of Washington, sends us the rules of a new form of cruelty as they appear upon the printed program, known as the "Wild Cow Milking Contest." Five wild but fresh milch cows are to be used. The cow has thirty feet start. Two mounted men to each cow are waiting in line to give chase.

Here are three of the rules for this contest:

The catcher will stop the cow, but not "bust" her. If you do bust her, you are out.

His partner will dismount, go down the line, catching the cow by the horns, twisting her head back and taking the rope off from the cow or roper must release his rope from horn or saddle.

The rider who roped her will now dismount and proceed to milk this wild cow until he has half filled one-half pint cream bottle furnished by the committee.

Some of the finest people in America live in the State of Washington. May the day soon come when their influence will be strong enough to stop these barbarous exhibits of the rough and cruel handling of animals to furnish amusement to people capable of finding pleasure in such primitive forms of so-called sport!

THE *New York Post* authority is responsible for the statement that 73 per cent of the trucks of that city are horse-drawn.



RELIEVING THE THIRSTY

FROM five different hydrant stations in Boston, similar to the above and situated at points where horse haulage daily is greatest, the Mass. S. P. C. A. is providing a man and pails to relieve the hot and thirsty working animals to whom the facilities for getting water have long been notoriously inadequate. So long, in fact, have the fountains and water-troughs been kept closed that many have fallen into decay and thus allowed to become permanently useless.

It is therefore left to the humane societies and private individuals to supply an indispensable need to suffering animals.

From June 21 to July 27, 21,675 horses were watered at the Society's stations. An appeal to the horses' friends is necessary to maintain this humane service for the summer season.

Patronize the merchants who see to it that their horses are well treated, not overworked, overdriven or otherwise misused.

IT was Frederick W. Robertson who used to maintain that the truth, as a rule, does not lie with either extreme, nor does it lie, as many single-hearted and single-headed people like to think, with the golden mean and the half-way position, the compromise which misses the strength of both extremes. The truth, Robertson maintained, lies rather in the recognition of certain deeper, underlying principles which make possible the strength of both the extremes.

American Humane Education Society



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see last page. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

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Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Miss Blanche Finley, Columbia, South Carolina
Mrs. Ora Brown Stokes, Richmond, Virginia

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

THE NEWFOUNDLAND S. P. A.

IN the annual report of the Society for the Protection of Animals, of St. John's, Newfoundland, recently issued, President George R. Williams, states that they have had a very successful year. In addition to caring for many sick and injured animals their activities included superintending the transportation of animals and inspection of horses at all lumber camps in their vicinity, in an endeavor to prevent over-loading and abuse. Efforts were made to introduce "The Humane Killer" in slaughter-houses, some of the butchers highly approving of this method of slaughter after seeing a practical demonstration. The income of the Society from subscriptions was the largest for many years.

WORKING EAST

WE learn with deep regret of a disreputable exhibition called the Yellowstone Rodeo given at the Tristate Fair Grounds, Superior, Wisconsin, under the auspices of the local Rotary Club. The newspaper headings are couched in such choice language as "Hell Diver is Killed at Rodeo," "Cow Punchers Features of Events," "Bucking Steed Breaks His Neck." Some of the "stars," Heaven save the mark, in the performances, bore such classic names as "Tinhorn Harold," "Fighting Jim," "Bugs Paine," and "Sic 'em Carson." The horses also carried rare and wonderful names, such as "I-be Dam," "Hells Bells," "Arsenic," and "Wild Wimmen." Alas, poor things, nobler in some respects than their tormentors!

"Bulldogging" wild steers, "roping calves," "Busting bronchos"—these were some of the "sports" that delighted the crowd. Could not Wisconsin have stopped this barbarous amusement as near the bull-fight as certain Americans dare go? We are amazed that any Rotary Club should ever have sponsored it. We had believed their ideals as published to the world would never have permitted such an act on their part. It was, as on so many other similar occasions, a woman who used her time and influence to the limit to reduce the cruelties permitted to the minimum.

SISTER M. FIDES SHEPPERSON, Ph.D.

LAST June Sister M. Fides Shepperson, an instructor at Mt. Mercy Academy, Pittsburgh, Pa., received the degree of doctor of philosophy from the University of Pittsburgh. Sister Shepperson, whose "Cloister Chords" have often appeared in *Our Dumb Animals*, has spent years of study of the philosophical systems of the greatest thinkers of history—Catholic, Protestant, skeptics, and pagan. Her thesis was that kindness extended first to the dumb animals of the earth and kindness in thought and action among men and women to one another will remove the world's misunderstanding. Sister Shepperson is the author of several volumes, written in beautiful English and reflecting her liberal attitude on ethical questions. She pursued her studies at several universities, and it was with the special consent of her bishop that she took her doctor's degree at a non-Catholic institution.

WORTH READING

IF we don't destroy War, War will destroy us.

JAMES BRYCE

There never was a time, in my opinion, when some way could not be found to prevent the drawing of the sword.

GENERAL GRANT

The American people can end war in our time if they get on the job.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN F. O'RYAN

If my soldiers thought, there would be no wars.

FREDERICK THE GREAT

My first wish is to see the whole world in peace and the inhabitants of it as one band of brothers striving who could contribute most to the happiness of mankind.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Number of men under arms in Europe in 1913, 3,745,179. In 1923, Germany, Austria, Bulgaria, disarmed, 4,354,965.

HUMANE PROGRESS IN PERU

THROUGH the untiring efforts of Mrs. Frank Barrows Freyer, wife of the head of the American Naval Commission in Peru, a campaign of humane education has been successfully launched. American interests have co-operated with Mrs. Freyer, including the American Humane Education Society which has printed considerable literature in Spanish for use in Peru and other Spanish-speaking countries. Recently sufficient funds were collected to erect a watering trough on the road from Callao to Lima. This thoroughfare is described by *El Comercio* of Lima as a veritable "Road of Pain," the mules being shockingly overloaded, beaten and abused. The sufferings of these poor beasts will in some measure be alleviated by this drinking trough. It is proposed to install other troughs as soon as possible, one to be erected at the entrance to the city of Lima. Following is the remarkable report of the first day's service of this water-trough:

Office of "Ministerio de Marina" (Marine Minister)

Lima, Peru, June 13, 1923.

Mrs. Marva Engracia Freyer.

Dear Mrs. Freyer:

I submit the following figures on the use of the existing trough at Bella Vista (on the road between Lima and Callao).

From 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. June 12th, the following were served with water:

Dogs	6
Mules and horses, mounted or packed	137
Mules and horses, attached to carts	525
Men, women and children	285

Total (one day) 953

In addition to the drinking of the water by animals and people, the drivers of carts almost invariably used the bucket, attached to the trough by a chain, to wash the backs of their animals, and various men washed their own faces and hands with the water available.

No effort was made in collecting these figures to influence in any way the drivers or those who otherwise used the water, and the figures are a true record of spontaneous use.

All the carts making journeys beyond the precinct of Bella Vista stopped at the trough. Of these there were 175. Only the little wagons, serving bread and sweets to local customers, and having their quarters close by, passed by without stopping.

The trough served practically a thousand individual necessities in one day.

Cordially yours,

C. W. SUTTON

(American Engineer in charge of the erection of these troughs)

HARD TO BELIEVE

A MR. G. W. CLARK, member of a well-known English hunting family, has written a book entitled, "Reynard—The Case Against the Fox." In the book he attacks the favorite sport of the Prince of Wales and estimates the loss annually inflicted upon the agricultural sections of England by "that brutal pastime of the rich and idle" at £40,000,000, some two hundred million dollars. This amount exceeds the interest Great Britain must annually pay to the United States on her war debt.

The Carolina's Kink

L. A. HODGES

A HOUSE-WREN was scolding—a not unusual occurrence. But this morning the storm of notes was uncommonly vigorous. Surely, some monster of sinister aspect was a-prowl. I hurried out to lend what succor a poor human might.

My view met a peaceful prospect—seemingly, that is. The winter sun, just risen, shone through a clear and still atmosphere. Hoar-frost, covering the outlook far and near, added its note of serene repose. But things are not always what they seem, I remembered. Besides, the house-wren kept on scolding.

Then I discovered the disturbing element. The object of the house-wren's caustic comments was likewise a wren, but a larger wren, browner of coat and slower of movement. The larger, browner, slower wren was exploring the wood-pile—nosing nooks, catechising cranies, hopping through hiatuses, rummaging, prying, delving; cross-examining sticks of wood and the bits of bark thereon, and paying no mind at all to the huffy house-wren.

Suddenly the larger wren ceased his reconnoitering, coming to rest on a hump-backed oak stick on the very top of the wood-pile. For a moment he sat very still—for a wren. He fluffed his feathers a brief instant. Then he opened his throat and sang straight at the sun.

"Whee-udel, whee-udel, whee-udel!" And again, "Tea-kettle, tea-kettle, tea-kettle!"

Why the song? Was it a greeting to the sun? An insult hurled at the house-wren? A thank offering—a sort of grace-after-meat? It may have been any of these, but I believe it was none of these. I believe the brain registered in this wise: Would any other bird, surrounded by a wintry landscape and subjected to a house-wren's blighting abuse, sing? No? Then I, being I, will do so!

The Carolina wren has a kink in his character that simply has got to unkink now and then.

Upon an August day, somewhere in the West Indies, an area of atmosphere became greatly disturbed. The hurricane swept northwest and spent itself in the Mississippi Valley, far inland. A night and a day the rain beat incessantly on my roof. The earth was awash; the sky a cooped-in infinity of weeping grey. A monotony of water with a spice of wind!

The front porch, being "leeward," irresistibly invited one to play at being out-of-doors. Here, habilitated in a more or less moisture-resistant coat, varnish-shy chair parked alongside soggy weather-board wall, I watched the never-ending rain. All sound and all sight was of the rain. The storm had monopolized the world.

Suddenly, a sort of scraping noise—very slight, very faint, but which the ear, weary of the insistent sound of water, has caught. Then the glimpse of a brown form climbing the weather-boarding. A Carolina wren had come to watch the storm out with me!

He stops climbing and peers at me sharply. He flies to the shelving plate above the porch columns, and is immediately joined by another Carolina wren that has surprisingly flitted there from somewhere. The two race inquisitively along the plate. Suddenly one of them stretches his throat.

"Whee-udel, whee-udel, whee-udel!" And "Tea-kettle, tea-kettle, tea-kettle!"

A rift in the storm, this! An astonishing dulcet rift!

August is not a bird-song month. And today there had been no birds, not even the usually ever-present English sparrows. The humid turmoil seemingly had swept them into some far hinterland. And add this fact: no Carolina wren had graced my premises that summer. Until the slight scraping, no sound made by him had come to me since early spring. Why choose a wind-weary, water-logged day in August to come to the front porch and spurt his bar of music? The storm

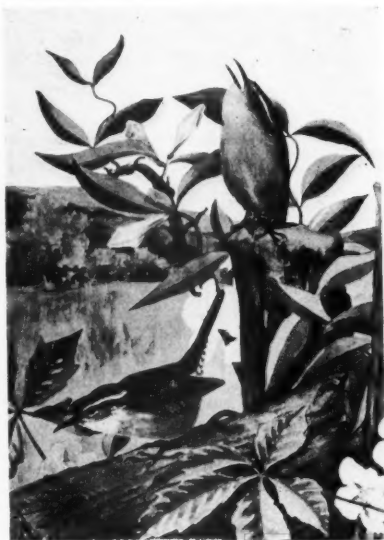


Photo by Audubon Society

"HE OPENED HIS THROAT AND SANG STRAIGHT AT THE SUN"

had driven him in. But he did not stay driven in. He was gone in less than two minutes, and he went—he and his companion—not as bedraggled fugitives; but as spruce and perky beings whom the storm had not, could not, daunt.

I like to believe that he acted as he acted because he was a Carolina wren; that he did as he did because no other bird would have done it; that he performed as he performed because of that eternal kink!

For several years it has been my ambition to cajole the Carolina wren into nesting in a bird-box. It is my ambition still; yet hopes of consummating the devoutly-wished-for end, slowly, surely are waning. How can I look for success so long as the Carolina wrens insist on disappearing with the first blush of spring, to reappear only with the last hush of summer? For a long time now they have been guilty of this unreasonable conduct, going to a heavily wooded slope, the broad spur of a hill a good two miles away, to nest.

The place is a deep forest, more than a hundred acres in area. Clumps of pines intersperse groves of oak. In most places the trees rise from ground free of underbrush; but along a zigzag ravine, bunches of sumac, thickets of young elm, briery tangles and thorny brakes hug the earth. In the bottom of the ravine water runs most of the year,

feeling its way through beds of gravel in some places, in others voicing a liquid whisper among clean, round stones.

One May day, guided by a vindictive spirit, I scoured this brook-ravine. Determined to hunt the ungrateful Carolina wrens out, I wanted likewise to find their housing, and gloat over the pitiful nest of theirs—so inferior to the perfect bird-box of mine. The bird-box they had scorned!

Anywhere their nest might be; a hole in a tree, a brush heap, the matted top of a low-hanging bush. After a spell of wandering among the boles of big trees, I decided in favor of the brake-covered ravine.

A cardinal's nest—stout walls bound with bark-like blades of sedge-grass, neat interior glorified by three freckled eggs—peeped its presence from the cool depths of a young cedar. Some sort of warbler was chasing gnats. Further along, a pair of cat-birds fled low-flying into a clump of haws. A bluejay sprang from a huckleberry bush and went jangling through the forest. In a little pool in the bottom of the ravine, a party of goldfinches were surprised at their bathing. But Carolina wrens—zero! They were decidedly somewhere else.

By this time my face and hands were not without a trace of healthy brier scratches. My breath came faster than it usually did. I rested on a fallen tree, reclining against an upright bough with almost the degree of comfort that one obtains from lounging in an easy chair.

A breeze stirred suddenly, and a crowd of nearby pines set up a sleepy sighing. Then the wind died, and the forest fell deeply silent. It was as if the woodland had all at once decided not only to hold its tongue but its breath as well.

Suddenly from the center of the forest, from the region of the biggest trees, a song rang out. "Whee-udel, whee-udel, whee-udel!" "Tea-kettle, tea-kettle, tea-kettle!"

The song, scattering the silence from shade deeps, filled the forest with a wild ringing rhythm. The golden chant was keyed to the primeval. It fitted the forest; nor would it have sounded half so untamed sweet save in the dim lanes of that bit of ancient green-wood.

I realized then that a man-made bird-box is no place for a Carolina wren. And I resolved anew that I would keep putting out bird-boxes for him. The fact *per se* that a bird-box is no place for him means that quite probably he soon will nest in one.

His unexpectedness leads me to expect it!

AUTUMNAL INSECT SONGS

*AUTUMNAL gloaming, fraught with sound
Of saddened sweetness born of death,
Ten thousand chasms with you abound*

*In insect-song and zephyr-breath;
Attune my ears to catch the strain
That flows mellifluent from the throng
That sings its dearest, best refrain
As life ebbs out in joyous song.*

*Sing on, sing on, sweet insect-choir,
And teach my soul to sing a song
That shall all mortals so inspire
Earth shall become a minstrel throng
With tongues ecstatic chanting praise
To Him who made and clothed the field,
And set the dome of heaven ablaze
With astral worlds to us revealed.*

JARED BARHITE

SOME SECRETS OF THE SEA

L. E. EUBANKS

LUMINOUS fishes are one of the ocean's many interesting features. The mechanism of and reason for a lighting apparatus has long been a subject of scientific investigation. Professor E. Newton Harvey, of Princeton University, has been studying the cypridina, a crab-like creature about an inch long, with oval-shaped body inclosed in a shell much like a clam. It emits a strong bluish light, the source of which Professor Harvey has found to be a relatively large gland located near the mouth. The light is in constant process of manufacture and the supply is never exhausted.

Professor Harvey tells, also, of another little fish he discovered in the East Indies. It is about three inches long and carries a large oval of light beneath its eyes. There are two types. One shuts off its light supply when it desires by means of a screen-like eyelid which can be made to cover the luminescent area. In the other type the light-giving organism is revolving, so that its bright side can be turned inward when the fish desires.

And this reminds me of what I have read about the large electric skate, a fish so called because it gives out strong electric shocks. A captive skate gave birth to several baby fish, which on the following morning were found snugly ensconced beneath the mother. While the young were near her she could be handled with impunity, for she gave out no shock; but the moment the young were taken away she resumed the emission of powerful shocks. The obvious conclusion is that the electric skate can control her shocks at will, and that she withheld them on purpose not to injure her young.

"Why," asks one writer, "has Nature been at such pains to equip so many fishes and crabs with illuminating systems which they can turn on and off at will?" Various answers have been given, none of them very satisfactory.

One explanation is that the light serves to attract prey within striking distance, and what lends support to this theory is that some fishes carry their luminous organs on great tentacles hanging down in front of their mouths. Quite contrary to this is the belief, advanced by some investigators, that the light serves to frighten away enemies. Still others say that the luminous spots are identification marks of a species.

On first consideration, the most plausible explanation would seem to be that Nature meant the light to be used as a lantern. We can readily believe that there are dark and dismal depths of the sea in which an illuminator of any kind would be highly helpful.

But in many cases the light-giving organ is so affixed to the sea creature that it could not possibly be of any service to it as a lantern—sometimes on the side of the body. In fact, science has to admit that, thus far, the reason for luminous organs in fish has not been entirely explained.

THE Angler—Is this a public lake, my man?

The Inhabitant—Aye.

The Angler—Then it won't be a crime if I land a fish?

The Inhabitant—No, it'll be a miracle.

"IS Jones a truthful man?"

"Yes, generally, but he will go to any length in telling a fish story."

THE BURRO

LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER

*THE trail began in the cactus
Burning with bloom and — tall;
While the alkali fringed my fetlocks
And painted the canyon wall;
Ah, gray it was on my trappings,
As gray as a funeral pall!*

*My pack I bore up the mountain;
Far, far to the bowl of the springs!
I held to the file in the narrows
Like a bur, like a bur that clings!
Oh, I felt for the shelf in the shadows;
We camped in a stream-haunted meadow—
I groped where the sharp cliff swings!*

*A star came out in the purple
Of ridges along my view;
The evening brought with it coolness
And blossoms and slumber and dew;
We camped in a stream-haunted meadow—
Yes, after the journey was through!*

FAITHFUL MOTHER SEAL

A SEA-CAPTAIN not long ago captured a young seal, hoping to tame and rear it on board his ship. He placed it in a sack to secure it, but wide as the ocean was, and swiftly as the ship sped on, the mother was as swift, and followed in search of her young. When it was first caught, the mother howled piteously, and the "baby" carked back its grief, but the man was relentless, and coolly watched the agonized mother follow him till the ship reached the wharf at Santa Barbara.

Here he thought his prize was safe, for surely no seal would venture there, and the ship was docked. Suddenly the mother gave a cry close to the ship, and the little one, as if obeying instructions, struggled, still in the sack, to the edge of the deck, and rolled itself overboard. The mother was seen to seize the sack, rip it open with her sharp teeth, and joyfully claim her baby. She had swum after it for eighty miles.

MOTHER ROBIN OUTWITS CAT

A True Story

ALL summer the robins had been nesting in the trees in a garden across the street from our house in the city. One morning as I returned from down town I heard a great commotion among the robins which unmistakably means, "the young ones are flying." I looked around and sure enough the parents were in a high state of excitement, flying back and forth across the street, sitting on the gate posts and evidently trying to encourage their babies to get up into the trees out of the way of the city cats of which there are many. All at once there flew up out of the ferns growing in one of the yards a small brown bird which wavered and trembled a second and then landed directly in the middle of the sidewalk. At the same time there appeared a lank yellow cat from out of the shrubbery. The mother robin hesitated not an instant, but flying very low over the head of the cat (who had not as yet discovered the baby on the walk) acted as if wounded and about to fall. The cat followed the robin, who kept just out of reach and flew in the opposite direction down the street, through a driveway, keeping just above the head of the cat until she had led her enemy a safe distance from the little robin still resting on the sidewalk. Then returning she, with a few very quiet chirps so encouraged the little one that it tried once more, and with a mighty effort rose until it was safely among the leaves of the tree nearby and safe from harm. Could mother love and instinct go further?

(Miss) E. W. BARNEY

New Haven, Conn.

MY teaching is this, that the slightest act of charity, even in the lowest class of persons, such as saving the life of an insect out of pity . . . shall bring to the doer of it constant benefit.

T'SA-HO-HOM-KING, sutta 2



TYPICAL WATER CARRIERS IN MANCHURIA

Photo from Gillians

While neither the apparatus, the animal, nor the water carrier himself could satisfy anybody with finicky ideas about spotlessness, in the arid districts of Manchuria, where water is scarce, no one minds it.

THE VEGETARIAN'S SIDE OF IT
III

SOME years ago Japan was afflicted with an epidemic of Beri Beri, which drugs or serums were powerless to relieve. Japan's effort to feed her soldiers upon polished rice is a matter of dietetic history. She "lost 300,000 men—every one of whom perished in the rice bowl, and not under Russian fire." After careful deliberations, we are told, and various experiments, Surgeon General Takaki finally traced the epidemic to the newly-formed habit of denaturing rice, the staple food of the people. As reward for this great discovery, and because he was able to prove that rice (polished head rice) was responsible for this widespread national disaster, Surgeon General Takaki was made a Baron by the Emperor.

Scientific reports from experimental Diet Stations return a consensus of opinion that white bread and other denatured food products are destructive to health, and when used exclusively, become a danger to life itself, and that living creatures subjected to such diet quickly manifest marked symptoms of various diseases—symptoms speedily counteracted, however, when again fed on a diet rich in mineralized products, as provided in Nature's laboratory.

And, again, from far distant South America comes to us the story of another involuntary experimental Diet Station with its appalling death list where an army of 6,000 laborers gathered to build the Madeira Mamore Railway connecting Bolivia with Brazil. In the construction of 232 miles of track, as recorded by McCann in the *Globe*, May, 1915, 4,000 men were killed on a white bread diet, the graveyard at Candalaria reporting the ravages among them due to accentuated acidosis.

White bread constituted the chief food stuff of the men—baked in camp from patent flour imported from the United States in thousand barrel lots! Most of these victims of acidosis—"beri beri" as it is called there—are buried in the Candalaria graveyard, where is recorded their disastrous fate. In addition to the white bread, enormous quantities of hard white crackers (acid forming), coffee, sugar and macaroni (also acid forming), to which were added canned meat and other products, were consumed. Thousands of healthy monkeys played around the Madeira Mamore Camp. They lived and enjoyed life and maintained their energy and activity on a diet of tropical fruits and nuts. The food of the monkeys was available. It was "base forming." "In their ignorance the stricken men rejected what would have saved them, even as the sailors aboard the Kronprinz Wilhelm rejected and sank the whole wheat cargo of the two British merchantmen, notwithstanding their dire need of the thousands of pounds of bran in those priceless cargoes."

We may add as a useful reminder that the "chief base-forming foods are fresh and dried fruits of all kinds—greens, spinach, lettuce, celery, roots of tubers and all other vegetables."

Roman soldiers on the march chewed raw whole wheat carried in a bag at the waist, which, the historian tells us, helps to explain the wonderfully strong flat teeth still found in old Roman skulls. Soldiers of this order enabled their commander to exclaim, when asked why he did not build a wall around the city, "No need of a wall of defense around the

city—every man is a brick." A frugal repast proved ample nourishment for the early Greeks in the days of their highest development. Indeed, they won their laurels in the arena on a diet of oaten cake and olive oil. How they would have wondered at our voluminous bill of fare of highly seasoned dishes served as our noon time repast—preceded by and followed a short time after by one equally varied and elaborate.

"To eat less and live more" is the motto of the Longer Life League.

And in closing I may be permitted to dwell for a moment upon the moral aspect of this subject, for we may well remember that as meat eaters we doom to the degrading work of the abattoir thousands of men—even women and children finding there occupation—every working day of their lives to be spent amid brutalities on a battlefield so terrible that the mind shrinks with horror from the pen picture presented to us by our self-sacrificing visitors who bring back to us the appalling description of what they have witnessed—as we wage upon our peaceful sub-human neighbors an unequal warfare—terrible beyond compare—and whether we do the work ourselves or commission others to do it for us, can we escape our share of responsibility for this, "The Great Cruelty," if by our patronage we encourage demand and supply?

A. MONTAIGNE

ANIMALS KILLED BY AUTOMOBILES

R. S. WEST

IF the number of persons killed and maimed yearly by automobiles is staggering, the number of animals either killed or injured is even more appalling. There are no correct statistics as to the animals, yet from observation it is easy to see that thousands of poor animals thus are killed or are made to suffer because of the carelessness or senseless speed of motorists. Dogs, cats, chickens, geese, ducks, turkeys and even goats, sheep, cows and horses bear the brunt of the insane practices of automobile drivers. Sometimes the motorist makes a deliberate attempt to run over an animal or fowl that happens to be in the road, but it is comforting to note that many motorists blow the horn when they see their route obstructed. Usually when a car strikes a smaller animal, the animal is killed outright and thus put out of misery. Often, however, the creature is left lying beside the road, to die slowly or to suffer untold misery.



A DRINK FOR HIS MASTER

GUNDA

(For two years Gunda, the elephant in the Bronx Zoological Park, was chained to the concrete floor by two legs, unable to move more than a couple of feet from the one spot.—News Article.)

*THE time is long, Lord God, the time is long!
From the gray dawn to the twilight evensong,
From evensong until the break of day,
Year after year, lo captive kept alway.
I may not move but as Thy great tides sway.*

*The time is long, Lord God, the time is long!
And I would roam my trackless wastes among;
The tempests call, the sunshine beckons me,
The deep pools in the jungle lands I see,
And I am restless, longing to be free.*

*The time is long, Lord God, the time is long!
That I am punished who have done no wrong;
Chained in slow torture and dull agony
For idle gaze of child or man to see,
Whom Thou hast given domain over me!*

*The time is long, Lord God, the time is long!
For death releases weaklings, not the strong;
And I, thus helpless in captivity,
Was strong and swift and great as creatures be,
And living thus, gave glory unto Thee.*

*The time is long, Lord God, the time is long!
Hear Thou my prayers, O Maker, who art strong
And mayst deliver in extremity!
I pray as all Thy creatures pray to Thee
Hark Thou my prayer, Lord God, and set me free.*

A WAR PRAYER

MARK TWAIN

O LORD our God, help us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with our shells; help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale forms of their patriot dead; help us to drown the thunder of the guns with the wounded, writhing in pain; help us to lay waste their humble homes with a hurricane of fire; help us to wring the hearts of their unoffending widows with unavailing grief; help us to turn them out roofless, with their little children to wander unfriended through wastes of their desolated lands in rags and hunger and thirst, sport of the sun flames of summer and the icy winds of winter, broken in spirit, worn with travail, imploring Thee for the refuge of the grave and denied it—for our sakes, who adore Thee, Lord, blast their hopes, blight their lives, protract their bitter pilgrimage, make heavy their steps, water their way with their tears, stain the white snow with the blood of their wounded feet! We ask of one who is the spirit of love and who is the ever-faithful refuge and friend of all that are sore beset and seek His aid with humble and contrite hearts. Grant our prayer, O Lord, and Thine shall be the praise and honor and glory now and ever. Amen."

Mark Twain said of this prayer, "I have told the whole truth in that, and only dead men can tell the whole truth in this world. It can be published after I am dead."

And it was.

War is not paid for in war time, the bill comes later.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Disarmament is the only road to safety for the human race.

LYDD GEORGE

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*
E. A. MARYOTT, *State Organizer*

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
4. An imitation gold badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Six new Bands of Mercy were reported in July. Of these, four were in schools of Tennessee; and one each in Canada and South America.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 143,102

TEACHING YOUR DOG TO CARRY

ELMER WHITTAKER

CARRYING is one of the most popular accomplishments of every trained dog. It is useful too. Canine messengers were of great value during the war, and every year many lives are saved in remote places by dogs that have been taught by their owners to carry letters, etc.

Puppies learn more readily than mature dogs. For that reason begin training early. Begin when he is teething; his gums are sore, and he gets considerable relief from holding things in his mouth. At this period of life he will often "mouth" hard objects, for no other purpose than to help nature develop his teeth. It is instinct. Certainly dogs will learn carrying at any age, but it is far easier to teach them when they are teething.

A glove is the very best thing to begin with. Drawing it through his mouth makes his gums feel better, and secondly, the scent of his master on the glove makes it more interesting.

Movement interests animals of all kinds more than anything else. Even an object unattractive in itself will secure a dog's notice, if thrown a little distance, with a gesture for him to get it. Sometimes a pretense to race him for the object will awaken the desired response; and it is very natural for him, when he reaches the object, to grab it up in his mouth.

Talk to the dog very kindly, and success will be achieved much sooner, while he is learning. When you begin to use various articles, he must understand your caution of "Gently, boy," etc. I read of a dog's bringing a freshly laundered collar to his master without soiling it. It had fallen from a desk into the waste basket, and this observant dog knew that it did not belong there, and that it was something that he should handle with care.

The way to train a dog to go after things alone, or do any trick without your supervision, is to go through the performance with him exactly many, many times, always using the same words to start the things. In this way, with patience on the part of the trainer, a smart dog may be taught to take a basket and go alone after some article. Generally,



A PAIR OF PROMISING PUPS

too, he will know whether he has been given the usual thing. If you have the merchant instructed to put what you want into the basket, the dog, if well taught, will do his part and bring the basket back to you.

You should teach the carrier dog not to give up his package or message to any stranger. Have some person with whom your pet is not acquainted start to take the object from the dog's mouth, then change his mind. Let this be repeated a few times; then come up yourself, take the object (as though you valued it) and praise the dog. This method was first recommended by Bruette, one of the greatest "dog-ologists" of this country. A dog, like a person, dislikes being fooled, and clings to the person who seems to appreciate his efforts.

WILLIE—Mamma, will you answer just one more question? Then I won't bother you any more.

Mother—All right, then. What is it?

Willie—Why is it that the little fishes don't drown before they learn to swim?

NEW BANDS IN BOSTON SCHOOLS

DURING the school year, 1922-3, Miss Ella A. Maryott, state organizer of Bands of Mercy, reported 1,322 Bands formed in schools in Boston, with 54,779 members.



SYLPH-LIKE AND WITH VELVET PAWS

MASTER REYNARD SPEAKS

LOUELLA C. POOLE

**I AM so small, and yet they come—
Man, horse and hound—to murder me!
For mercy do I cry in vain,
As with wild-beating heart I flee
Across the fields, through tangled brake
That tears my coat and wounds my feet;
I hear the hurtling shot whizz by,
The cheers of my pursuers fleet.**

**My foes—they gain—they gain on me!
I weaker grow with deadly fears,
For nearer comes the glancing shot,
And louder sound the huntsmen's cheers,
Tonight they'll drink a ringing toast
To celebrate their victory!
Why should men find such fine good sport
In what means cruel death to me?**

HUMANE POINTERS

PROTECT dogs and cats from ill treatment, give them food, water and a good bed. Do not allow your dog to run after an automobile or bicycle. Many dogs are killed, many lost and others made sick by following cars or bicycles long distances.

Dogs and cats in search of food have been seriously hurt by forcing their heads into cans which have contained meat or fish. To avoid this pound cans flat before throwing them out.

People who close their residences in the city, country or seashore and leave their cats are guilty of cruelty. A cat that has once had a home is not fit to care for itself.

A LITTLE TREE'S LIFE

ENOS A. MILLS

I NEVER see a little tree bursting from the earth, peeping confidently up among the withered leaves without wondering how long it will live and what trials and triumphs it will have. It will be better and beautify the earth, love the blue sky and the white clouds passing by and ever join merrily in the movement and the music of the elemental dances with the winds. It will welcome the flower-opening days of spring, be a home for the birds, and enjoy the summer rain. And when comes the golden peace of autumn days I trust it will be ready with ripened fruit for the life to come. I never fail to hope that if this tree is cut down it may be used for a flagpole to keep our glorious banner in the breeze, or to be built into a cottage where love will abide; or, if it must be burnt, that it will blaze on the hearthstone in a home where children play in the firelight on the floor.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



FUTURE HUMANE WORKER IN CANAL ZONE

THIS little kiddie is a great lover of animals. She loves everything in the animal and bird line. She has a pony, which her grandfather gave her, chickens, a pigeon, a dog and five guinea pigs. She carries the pigeon and guinea pigs like dolls, as seen by the picture, which was taken in her father's yard in Cristobal, Canal Zone. Her name is Edith Frederick, and she is a niece of Mrs. O. F. Frederick, well-known humane worker of Reading, Pennsylvania.

MOTHER-OF-PEARL AND PEARLS

MOTHER-OF-PEARL, that pretty substance that shines with all the colors of the rainbow, comes from certain shells. We use for delicate ornamentation what was once the dwelling of a glairy animal, near relation to the oyster. Truly, this dwelling is a veritable palace in richness. It shines with all imaginable tints, as if the rainbow had deposited its colors there.

"This is the shell that furnishes the most beautiful mother-of-pearl. It is called the *meleagrina margaritifera*. Outside it is wrinkled and blackish green; inside it is smoother than polished marble, richer in color than the rainbow. All tints are found there, bright, but soft and changeable, according to the point of view."

"That superb shell is the house of a miserable, slimy animal! In fairy tales the fairies themselves have none to equal it. Oh! how beautiful, how beautiful it is!"

"Every one has his portion in this world. The slimy animal has for his a splendid palace of mother-of-pearl."

"Where does the *meleagrina* live?"

"In the seas that wash the shores of Arabia." . . .

"Then those shells are very precious?"

"You shall judge for yourself. First the inner layer of the shell, sawed into sheets and tablets, is the mother-of-pearl that we use for fine ornamentation. Jules' pen-knife handle is covered with a sheet of mother-of-pearl that was part of the inside of a pearl-shell. But that is the least part of what the precious shell produces. There are pearls as well."

"But pearls are not very dear. With a few sous I bought a whole boxful, to embroider you a purse."

"Let us make a distinction: there are pearls and pearls. The pearls you mention are little pieces of colored glass pierced with a hole. Their price is very moderate. The pearls of the *meleagrina* are globules of the richest and finest mother-of-pearl. If they are unusually large, they attain the fabulous price of the diamond, up to hundreds of thousands and millions of francs. . . .

"It is well to know how they are produced.

"Between the two parts of the shell lives an animal like the oyster. It is a mass of slime in which you would find it difficult to recognize an animal. It digests, however, and

breathes, and is sensitive to pain, so sensitive that a grain of dust, a mere nothing, renders existence painful to it. What does the animal do when it feels itself tickled by some foreign substance? It begins to sweat mother-of-pearl around the place that itches. This mother-of-pearl piles up in a little smooth ball, and there you have a pearl made by the sick, slimy animal. If it is of any considerable size, it will cost a fine bag of crowns, and the person who wears it around her neck will be very proud of it."

From "The Story Book of Science," by JEAN HENRI FABRE

SIX SPIDERS SAT A-SPINNING

THE surveyors of the Panama Canal could get their plans correct only by dividing the lenses of their instruments into sections. The division was made by stretching the delicate thread of the spider's web across the lenses. Nothing else was fine enough. And so six fat spiders sat daily spinning webs upon which depended one of the most remarkable engineering achievements of the world.

A FLYING POLICEMAN

BESSIE PRICE REED

WHO is the flying policeman? Why, haven't you seen him zigzagging high up over the farms; doing the nose spin over the city streets; or swooping down to the prairie with a boom? Well then look upward in the late afternoon or early morning hours and you will find him on his job. His nasal "peent, peent" at once reveals his identity,—he is the nighthawk or "bull bat." But he is not a true hawk; he belongs to a different order. It would seem as you watch him that he is merely performing stunts but this is not the case. He is very busy catching insects on the wing. They seldom escape his wide open mouth as he flies for them,—a police dragnet that doesn't fall short.

He is quite independent of man; he works for him but he takes no pay, not even a blade of grass to build a nest. The eggs are laid on the bare ground, perhaps on a rock and in cities on the gravel roofs of buildings. Often you find them very near the edge but Nature has looked out for that by tapering one end so that when the wind blows they may spin instead of roll. In daylight hours when the sun is high you may find him, if you have sharp eyes, sitting lengthwise on a tree limb resting from his labors; that is all that he takes from man.



NIGHTHAWK IN DAYTIME

ANOTHER TRIBUTE

MR. O. O. MCINTYRE, author of the syndicated articles, "Bits of New York Life," has recently paid a beautiful tribute to this dog Junior, from which we quote. It is worthy a place beside the celebrated eulogy by Senator Vest and Governor Baxter's tribute to Garry:

If I am just a bit personal today I ask indulgence. I must write, but I cannot write of New York and its hurry and confusion. I can think only of the inconsolable grief that is mine. My dog Junior has passed on.

Over his mound will be placed a small tombstone with the inscription: "Junior—Faithful to the End."

He was all of that, for Junior died a cruel death obeying the command of his master. It was after midnight and Junior and I had gone over to Fifth Avenue for a stroll. Traffic was light and his leash had been removed to give him a few frolicking moments of freedom so dear to city-bred dogs.

At one corner we started to cross the avenue. Junior, as was his custom, sat on the curb for my command "Go!" As I say, traffic was light and, after scanning north and south, I gave him his cry. Away he shot into the jaws of the Great Adventure.

A heavy touring car, coming unexpectedly, ran him down. He turned and crawled back toward me with his great, soft, pleading eyes. There was a joy-riding yell as the car shot onward out of sight. For this yell I bear no malice. Junior would not have it so. He was ever forgiving.

So I gathered him in my arms and he died without a whimper. Junior had been mine since puppyhood. He was my constant companion. He has traveled with me from coast to coast. When I sat at my typewriter and thoughts failed to come, he understood and crept close and remained very quiet. He was to go to London with me this season.

Junior was nearly eight. He was an aristocrat among dogs. He was born on Fifth Avenue and on Fifth Avenue he died. Junior would not like for me to give the idea that because he was an aristocrat he was snobbish. No, he loved people. He was the friend of every man, woman, and child.

There are those who do not care for dogs. For them I have the greatest tolerance. In my heart I know they do not understand.

On my desk are the two rubber balls he loved to retrieve. Tears are futile and cannot call him back, but I look at them and weep unashamed. Kipling may say:

"Brothers and sisters, I bid you beware
Of giving your heart to a dog to tear."

Yet Junior taught me more of the enduring things of life than many people. He has left me the priceless heritage. That he should die obeying a command of mine has made the burden doubly poignant. It is crushing.

I like to think that when I, too, start on the Great Adventure, Junior will be there to greet me. I want to see his stubby tail wagging and his lovable lop ear perked in that joyous quizzical way he had. He was an expression of love, and I refuse stubbornly to believe that such a fine thing can pass with what we mortals term death. I feel that he lives and my sorrow is a selfish grief, because I loved and miss him so.

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WORLD HUMANE CONFERENCE

The World Humane Conference, which is to be held in New York City, October 22-27, 1923, will commemorate the centenary of the passage of the first law requiring the humane and proper treatment of animals. Likewise, it will celebrate the century which has done so much in behalf of the recognition of animal rights, and the practical relief of the helpless and suffering. It is proposed to bring together representatives of the most eminent and successful humane organizations in the world to discuss problems which demand solution.

For particulars, address Dr. William O. Stillman, President, American Humane Association, 287 State Street, Albany, N. Y.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by George T. Angell in 1868

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue.

TERMS

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Humane societies are invited to correspond with us for terms on large orders.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

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Associate Life	50 00	Branch	1 00
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Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

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The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

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The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject, and will be glad to furnish all further details.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other Society of a similar character.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, to The American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

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